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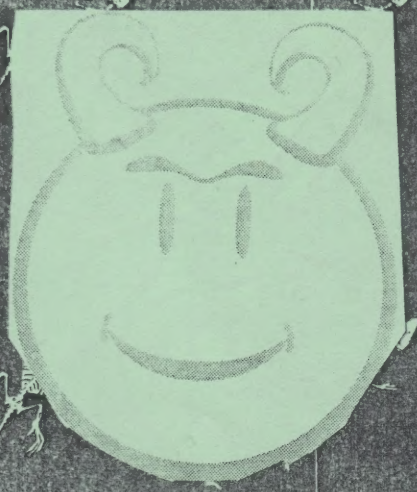

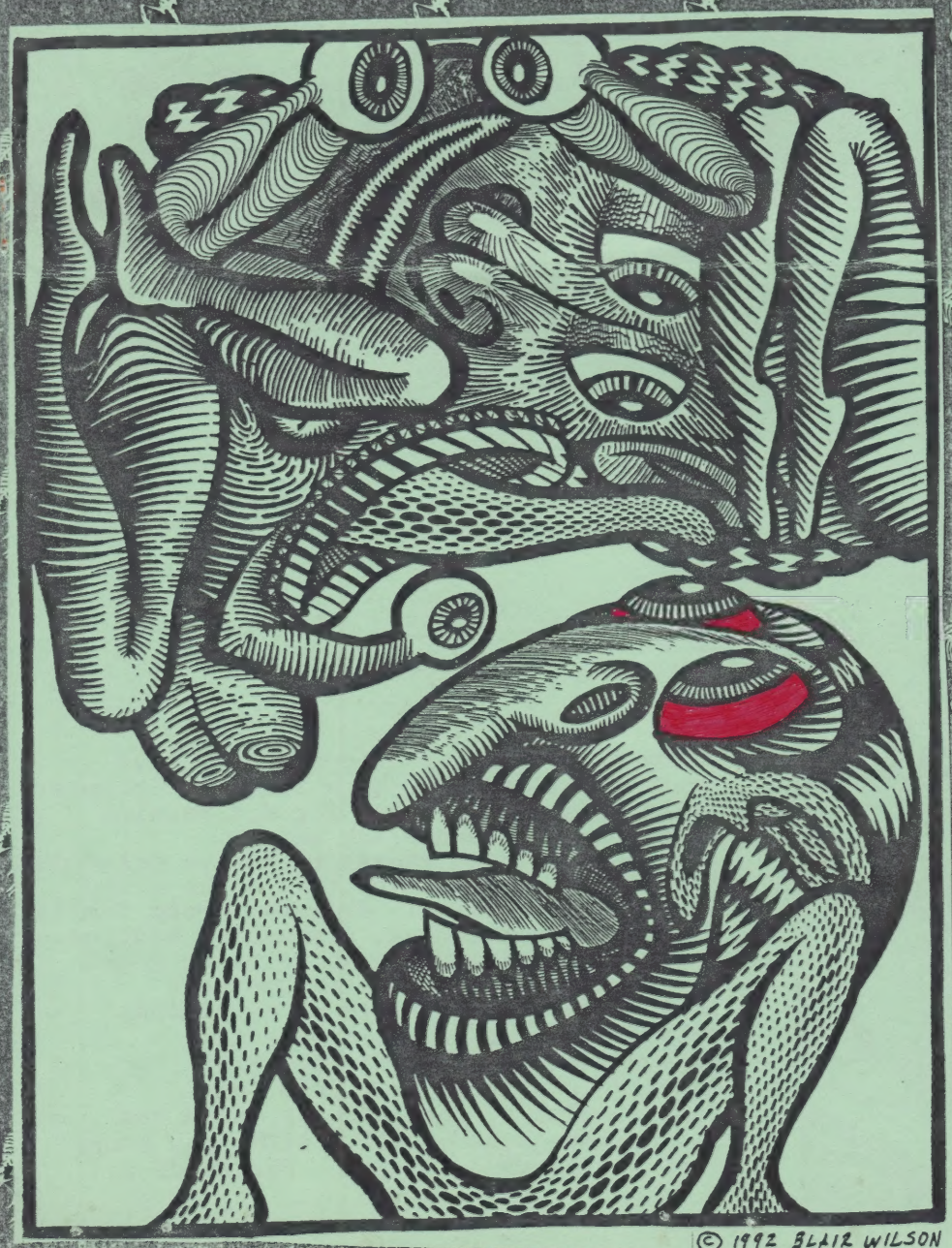

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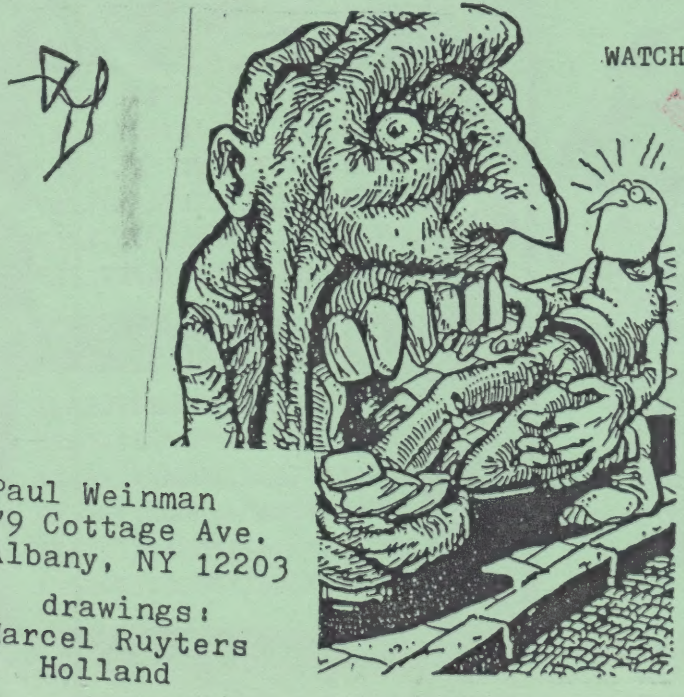


WATCH WHERE YOU WALK

Mommy had warned of tripping over toys
breaking his neck to be a lifelong cripple.
Dying of awful diseases for not washing
before he ate food fresh enough
from only trusted stores to escape poisoning.
Avoiding every would-be friend who could
be a future criminal, from the wrong family
hanging with nobodies, dressed so badlies.
Which was training enough to be on guard
for political radicals, malcontents
no-gooders, ner-do-wells of adulthood.
He'd learned to select a career
safe without worries of recessions
housing in an area free from fear
lack of Blacks, lots of cops, safe sex
... better, none at all - AIDS, you know.
Over cautious? ... maybe. Paranoid? ...

Paul Weinman
79 Cottage Ave.
Albany, NY 12203

drawings:
Marcel Ruyters
Holland

What irks me is the thing about how people rape Christopher Columbus after 500 years of the greatest discovery on the planet earth. People now blame him for killing off all of the Indians (Native Americans) with disease and war. Like he had the big plan in his head. It was people like Cortez and Custer that obviouly should be hated. But it is stuff that needs to be learned without a biased judgment. Whether you loved or loathed Christo it is very important what he did. After all the Indians did give us tobacco. That kills more people than handguns every year.

People complain that the United States Post Office and the companies that worship it with all the junk mail is destroying the worth of the earth by killing all of the trees and filling up our landfills. But to zine editors and people with a lot of mail order shit and lonely brace-faced teenage girls with a bunch of pseudo-sexual fantasies about the 20 guys they are pen pals with love junk mail without even knowing it. The post office put our names on the list and sell them to these big time companies. This is the revenue generated to keep the post office above water. This helps to keep those postal rates down so we can afford to do this, like brutus. So save that junk mail and recycle it. You look nowadays and you will see that most of the mail you receive is recycled anyway. So the world's supply of trees are saved from junk mail. Grass-munching moo-moos are still on the rampage.

The best job I think I could have is working for CNN. Whenever a "bad news" thing is going on, take for instance "Saving Somalia" springs up, somebody runs back to my office and says, "John, we need some really sad music to play whenever we show the "Saving Somalia" design on the TV screen so people will feel sad and send in some money." Even though I know nothing about music, that would be great. This Somalia thing gets me though. The starvation has been going on since Christ was a jew. Why is it now that people give a damn. Because it's prime time.

That's my editorial. Yeah, I voted.

P.S. Some pictures in here are from Spin and Rolling Stone and some of you might say, "Gee, what a fascist." Well, that's where music is going these days. Sorry.

The Raven #13 $1.50

Those who make your day brighter

John ☼
Taylor ♂♀
Jason ♫
Blair ✳
Dave 2+2=4

Thanks:

Mike Watt, Ed Hall, Jennifer Finch, Guy.

This is the last La. issue. Look for us in Texas May 93

Beat your face for freedom

Shaking Hands with the Governor Live Tape

FREE to a good home + $1 for postage

The Raven
PO Box 4546
Polk, La 71459

SEE Address on Back!

reading material

micro terra #6
po box 26331 4 stamps
s.m. ks 66225-6331
Snazzy little zine here. Real nice layouts, clean, computer graphics and cheap. Interviews with Alice Donut, Strange Damage and more. Cool story about a couple of dogs and their strange desires. Awful poetry, reviews, skate terms and 10 things to do if you want to be a rock star. ***½

ear of corn #24
po box 2143 $1
stow oh 44224
More and more and more and let's have more reviews of what we want. Zines and music and videos and comics. Interviews with CPH, Dead field and our testicles touch the ground. Ya can't beat it with a stick. **½

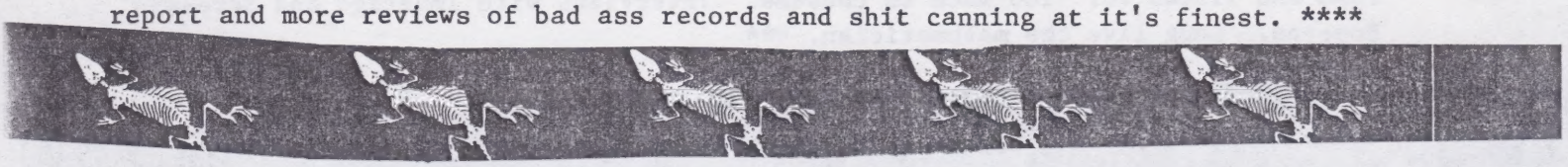
jersey beat #45
418 gregory ave $2
weehawken nj 07087
I'm sure ya'll familiar with this thick musical magazine. Interviews with Nirvana, the undead, and our american cousins. Lots of reviews, cartoons, live shows and more. Lays off the worthless letters and opinions. ****

green #2
3098 West Wellington free
fresno ca 934711
Local interviews and articles with panzies, the shroud, and sharon tate. Very clean magazine look with cartoons, poetry and reviews. Liked the picture entitled "mom." ***

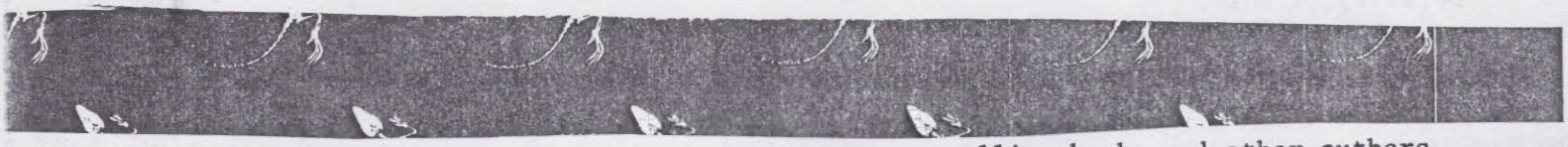
blue ryder #27
box 587 8 issues for $12
olean ny 14670
Interviews with Manic street preachers and a city police officer, not a normal type. Reviews, articles and what not in a newspaper type setting. ***

jelly slide vol 2 vinter 92
po box 731 free
neshanic station nj 08853
A little zine here featured exclusively for everyone, and it's free too! A lot of devotion to rock-n-roll here such as lou reed, and rock group trios. Kids as cadavers struck a funny nerve and the milk ad was not pro-cow. Long live the slide. ***

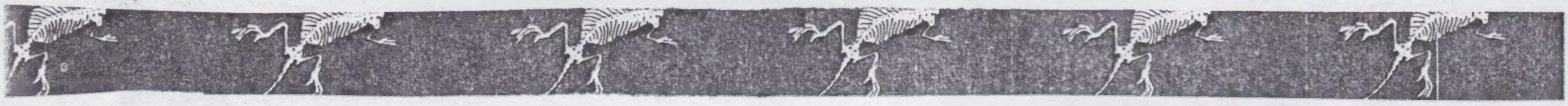
ugly american #7
po box 8433 $4
red bank nj 07701
always a favorite of mine when it comes to that weird me out and make me foolish. Dig this; lithium x-mas, caroliner,liquorball, monster magnet tour diary, new york porno report and more reviews of bad ass records and shit canning at it's finest. ****



paul weinman is a friend if you want one. He's got more poetry than the library. Write him for some. He'll be your buddy. The latest stuff I got was Warts in teh Dessert. Some funny, some not but worthwhile reading. 79 Cottage Ave. Albany NY 12203.

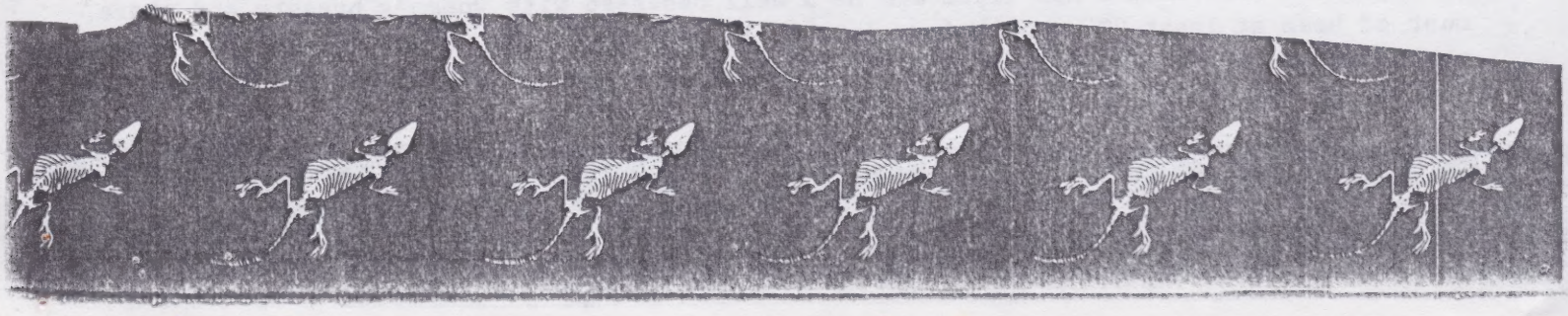


2.13.61 sends out newsletters of henry rolling stone rollins books and other authors such as bill shields, crispin glover, the late joe cole and others. Shirts and CDs to of the rollins bands. I read 'em. To request catalog write PO BOX 1910; LA, Ca 90078, USA



attitude problem #12
po box 703 $2.50
clarkdale, az 86324
punk newspaper with the usual. Interviews with Jabberjaw and others. Poetry and cool drawrings, (!) and a bunch of political articles i.e. racism and such. Plus skating.
**½

we are the weird vol. VIII #19
po box 2002 $3
dallas tx 75221
this is done by that guy on the Movie Channel who does all of the drivein movies. I thought at first that this guy was legit because the magazine is high quality, well written and sometimes funny and interesting articles on movies and ideas. I enjoyed the reading a lot. Butthen I saw a movie that he thought was whip ass, "Even Hitler Had A Girlfriend." Sure it was full of women with busty chests and whores and sluts but it looked liked it would be funny of this creep guy who blows all of his money on call girls. It was lame. Not even funny. I cracked maybe two smiles. The star was totally pathetic and the ladies were just like strip dancers on his t.v. The mag was good, but the movie sucked. ***½ for the mag. -* for the movie.



ear of corn #23
po box 2143 $1
stow oh 44224

I think that dave keeps the zine alive only because he received so much shit through the mail and has to review it all. 95% of this issue is reviews of everything to read and listen to. Too much to consume. Interviews with Impetigo and Screamin' Popeyes. Long live the mathmetician. ***

twisted image #39
1630 university ave. $1
berkeley ca 94703

The usual political and social cartoons from the master. Interviews with the society for the eradication of television, kill your t.v., author david mccord, and a letter from r. crumb. ***

black ink white paper #8
619 elmwood ave apt #2 2 stamps
buffalo ny 14222

This looks like my zine I started. Crappy typewriting, crappy layouts and unledgable handwriting of reviews, awful poetry and interviews of the dread, all you can eat, pathedick and more. At least I tried to look more appealing after #2. But I do love the cover of a little girl smoking a joint. **½

angry thoreauan #3
po box 2246 $2
anaheim ca 92814

This used to be called some other name but I can't quite remember the name. I remember that is wasn't this nice and church like. Articles on Jesus and an interesting one..... No, we got my buddy D.J. Lebowitz, reviews, local scene articles and my favorite about striking back at the phone companies. Tin-ear, you suck if I suck. Otherwise ***

we are the weird vol. VIII #27
po box 2002 $3
dallas tx 75221

more of the usual. Joe Bob Briggs attacks the minorities, and he obviously doesn't know the joy a a tattoo. Guess he probably doesn't have one or is pleased with his appearance. It's good to know what a man likes and he's well obsessed with women's breasts and there must of been at least 20 connotations in this 16 page magazine. "Her two enormous talents, gazongas, hooters"so on and so forth. The reading is funny and an interesting opinion that not having an opinion is a choice too. ***

Sharon Tate Llipclamp (sic) EP
At first I really didn't like this 7in. But after a few spins the music caught a hold of me. Sort of off-beat but otherwise enjoyable pop-core. The vocals is what turns me off. I like an either man man's voice or woman woman's voice. This voice lies somewhere in a bad B-movie. ***
PO Box 25283
Fresno, Ca. 93729

"Poop=Wealth...Quit Your Job" comp. tape
This is a collection of probably the most artsy farsty sometime arty techno casio keyboard poo-poo. But always lyrically funny. Bands like Colon on the Cob, Our Testicles Touch the Ground, Sheep Squeeze, and Eeyore Power Tool litter this compilation. **½
Wheelchair Full of Old Men tapes
PO Box 2143
Stow, OH 44224

dyslexic comics has a plethera of good things to lay your eyes on. The latest product from their house was a book entitled A Collection of Hated Foods. I found it very humorous that ninety-three people basically all hate liver and most meats. Julee has a lot of other stuff that I love to look at, especially her **no poetry** magazines. She also has an on going project where she will send you a small jar and you fill it with whatever you decide describes your hometown. She just recently displayed two hundred jars at an art show. People liked it a lot and you should be a part of it. write **dyslexic** at PO Box 4763, Boulder, CO 80306

Nitro Puppy Spiritual People LP
Fuckin great shit here. I love this album with a passion. The first side is GODLIKE. A combination of butthole and sonic youth guitar with delightful melodies. Vocal arrangements by Jack give this album the stability to be my #1 album favorite of the year. That was just side one, for my copy came very warped thanks to the Post Office and the needle gets vaulted on side two so maybe it's a good thing because too much of a good thing may drive you insane. Plus cuts are PORN FLOWER, GODZILLA and I FEEL BYOOTYFUL (sic). **********
11 QUEENS PARK TERRACE
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX BN2 2YA
ENGLAND

Poor Excuse tape
I couldn't get through this at all. I would sit down and handcuff myself to the bed and have somebody turn on the stereo and then leave me be so I could get through the tape. But I was screaming so loud that my neighbor blew my door open with his 30-06 and blew a 3 inch hole through the stereo because it was driving him crazy too. It's like glam metal to me. ½*
PO Box 212
Blooming Grove, NY 10914

There was a zine called **GENOCIDE** that started up and then went straight into the toilet. They did two interviews and a lot of layouts and then got lazy and said Fuck It. So all of you that sent stuff to that zine, don't expect a return. They did however do a mail interview with Guy of FUGAZI and I took out of their hands to reprint it for you. There are pictures taken out of Spin and other magazines. This is not an authorized interview. Interview by Taylor.

How, why, where and when did Fugazi form?
"We formed in September 1987 as a three piece of Brendan, Joe and Ian. I joined the band later that year as roadie, the singer, the guitarist as well. Why? Because we wanted to play music together for kicks."

Was there any debate on what style of music to play?
"Nope. We just did it."

Has Brendan, you or Joe played in any other bands?
"Myself and Brendan have been in Rites of Spring, Insurrection, One Last Wish, Happy Go Lucky. Brendan was also in Deadline. As for Joe; Pitbull, Lunchbox and Nike Chix."

Who writes most of the lyrics?
"Ian and I split up the songs as to who writes the lyrics. The whole band writes the music."

Are most of the lyrics based on personal experiences, fantasies, or just made up stuff?
"All of the above though fantasies is probably not at the top of the list."

How old are you guys and where are you from?
"We are in our mid to late twenties and all hail from the Washington D.C. area."

Fugazi seems to be more of a "live" band than a studio band. Could you elaborate on that?
"We definitely enjoy playing live alot and feel we have a better grip on that than we do in the studio, which, after all, we only visit rarely."

Do you feel like your playing ability has improved since the self-titled album to "Repeater?"
"We don't really measure our playing ability, we haven't forgotten any of the songs if that's what you mean."

Is Fugazi looking for a "major label" deal?
"No, we have our own label, "Dischord, which Ian owns and operated with his friend Jeff. Majors have nothing to offer us."

What other Dischord label bands should be getting recognized?
"Shudder to Think, Nation of Ulysses, Jawbox, Holy Rollers, Autoclave."

What are some of the jobs that you have held prior to being musicians?
"Dishwasher, record store clerk, book salesman, busboy, theatre usher, government employee."

How do you feel about sampling, keyboards, synthesizers, industrial music?
"Everyone is entitled to choose their own tools, it's fine with me."

Where is Fugazi headed?
"We are heading to Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and Hawaii for October and November. After that we have no set plans except loosely to record again sometime."

Why don't you guys have long hair like down to you knees?
"Radiation."

azi, front to back: Brendan Canty, Guy Picciotti

You can certainly reach Fugazi at their Dischord address. Their ads are everywhere. Their bands are good too. So look beyond Fugazi

Fugazi c/o Dischord Records
3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington DC 20007

"fuck" taken from a dictionary in my dad's casa

Perhaps one of the most interesting and colorful words in the English language today in the word fuck. It is one magical word which just by it's sound can describe pain, pleasure, hate and love. Fuck, as most words in the English language, takes its name from the German word "Friken," which means "shoopee."

In language "Fuck" falls into many grammatical catergories. It can be used as a verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and intransitive (John was fucked by Mary). It can be an active verb (John really doesn't give a fuck) or a passive verb (Mary doesn't give a fuck). As an adverb (Mary is fucking interested in John) and as a noun (Mary is a fine fuck.) It can be used as an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful). As you can see, there are not many words with the versitality of the word "fuck."

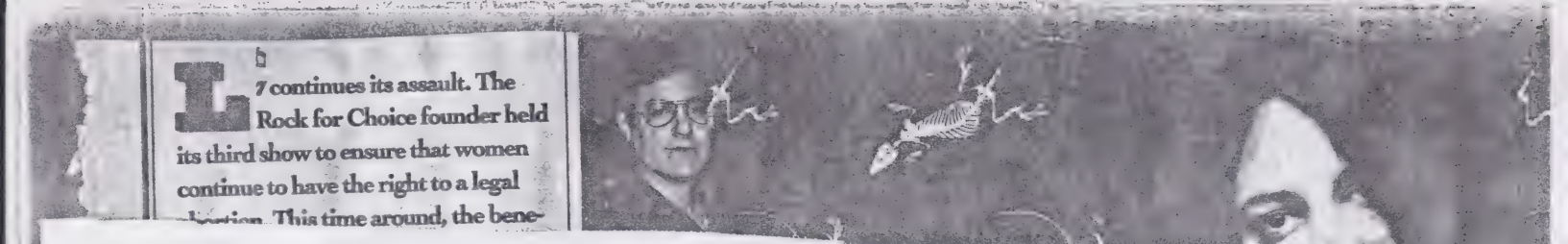
Besides it's sexual connotations, this lovely word can be used to describe many situations.

Fraud: I got fucked by my insurance agent.
Dismay: Oh, fuck it.
Trouble: I guess I'm fucked now.
Aggression: Fuck you.
Passive: Fuck me.
Confusion: What the fuck?
Difficulty: I can't understand a fucking thing.
Dispair: Fucked again.
Philosophical: Who gives a fuck.
Incompetance: He's fucked up.
Laziness: He's a fuck off.
Displeasure: What the fuck is going on?
Rebellion: Fuck this.

It can be used in descriptive anatomy: He's a fucking asshole.
It can be used to tell time: It's five fucking thirty.
It can be used in business: How did I get this fucking job.
It can be a prediction: Oh, will I get fucked.
It can be maternal: Motherfucker.
It can be political: Fuck Nixon.
It can open the door to wonderful relationships: Let's fuck!
It can even be used to enhance the meaning of a word. Fanfuckingtastic. Terfuckingrific.

The mind fairly boggles at the many more creative uses of this most fuctual word. How can anyone be offended when you say fuck? Use it in your daily speech -- it adds to your prestige.

"Fuck you....."



L7 continues its assault. The Rock for Choice founder held its third show to ensure that women continue to have the right to a legal [illegible]. This time around, the bene-

L7. Yeah!

This is an interview with Jennifer Finch, bass player and other things, of L7. I wrote her. She wrote back. Interview by John. We find their pictures in Spin and Rolling Stone, even Playboy. Not the pictures you would expect but a review of their latest effort, Bricks Are Heavy. And ain't that a fact.

Introduce yourself with a general description.
J. Finch; bass, L7. Lost my driver's liscence last year.

They played the SXSW music festival in Austin last year. They didn't seem to be very pleased with the club they were playing at. So what was the deal with the SXSW music festival? I mean they should of known that there was going to be a lot of people there and they should of held it at a bigger place.
You would think common sense would prevail. What were they thinking? They told us that it would hold 1500 folks when we set it up. Our dressing room was a broken women's bathroom with flooded floors and no toilet paper. What's up with that? We were not even allowed passes to see other bands even though we played for free. We asked if we could have a convention info package for each band member and tehy said we could forfeit our $100 gas money for one package for the band to share. The only good part was when the kids outside who couldn't get in hurled cow tongues over the fence. That's entertainment.

So are you ever going to play SXSW again?
Sure. We're gluttons for punishment. We enjoy being treated like shit even though it's the music that makes it possible for those idgits to have their ego stroking event.

Was the band getting any bigger and better? I read that since the bass motherfucker of Nirvana wore an L7 t-shirt on Saturday Night Live that that is what started you rockets.
We've been together for 7 years and no one event could ever start anybody's rockets.

How did the band form? Were there any intentions beyond just having fun?
Donita and Suzi started the band in '85. I joined a year later. We just wanted to play the kind of music we liked to listen to. Our goals started out small. First we wanted to tour the states which we did in '88, then to tour Europe, that came in '90, then we wanted to quit our day jobs and tour all the time and that happened last January.

Do you think that it is a novelty to be an all girl band. What other all girl bands should we listen to?
It is not a novelty at all perhaps unique compared to the overall picture. Check out Lunachicks, check out Frightwig. They were over the top inspirations to us. Hole's not all gals so don't worry yer pretty head. I won't mention them.

You have a new album on Slash. What is that all about? Does it contain Shove? It seems that all L7 stuff has Shove. What all releases do you have?

Shove is only been released by L7 on a subpop single first b/w "packin' a rod" and it came out on "Smell the Magic" on subpop. Subpop told us then that the singles were limited to 3000 so we thought it would be cool to stick the song on the record. What we were not told wasthat Glitterhouse could keep selling it as a single and that they were going to import it to the states. Subpop also put the song on their compilation without asking us if it was cool or if we wanted to put on a differant track. All the other times you might have seen Shove have been bootlegs. We have no control over these. I'm convinced Shove could have been one of those songs that gets played on one of the organs at baseball games. Wadda ya think, overkill? Here's some other albums and dog comps we've done:

"Self-titled" debut LP Epitaph
"Shove b/w Packin' a Rod" 7" Subpop
"Shove b/w Fast" 7" Subpop
"Every band deserves a shoenan knife" Giant, song "Bags"
"Teriaki Asthma" comp. C/Z, song "Blood Stains"
"LA the women" comp., song "Sweet Sex"
"Tantrum" comp., song "Bite the wax tadpole"
"Power LA" comp., song "American Society"

There's more but I can't remember them all.

How widely have you been touring? Was this last tour with Helmet or did you just meet them there?

Here's a quick tour history; 1985-87, LA, Hollywood, W. LA, central LA. 1988, 5 week tour of the stated supporting bad religion, Northern Ca. on our own. 1989, various 2-3 week mini tours of the western and southwest states, 5 week entire U.S. with Catbutt. 1990, first Euro tour on our own and another in England with Nirvana. Six week tour of the states. 1991, another U.S. tour for 4 weeks and a couple mini trips to the Northwest and Canada. 1992, Southern tour with Helmet, midwest with Love Battery, Europe by ourselves, U.S. tour with the Beastie Boys, back to Europe to play festivals, then back to the states for the south and Florida with Trashcan School. Right now were in Australia for 2 more weeks then fly to Finland to support Faith No More on a 7 week Euro deal. This is all very general but yall should get an idea of our tour history.

Does L7 have anything film wise. LIke live shows or anything that I can get my greasy hands on?

No we haven't gotten anything together, but you can usually find bootlegs in Flipside or MRR.

You opened up at the SXSW festival as the band who wants to be Nirvana. Are they supposed to be the Sex Pistiols of the '90's to offer the angry youth of America the strength to break their restraints and allow shitty punks and their bands to re-emerge and cause havoc in the classrooms of America's high schools? Are they nice guys?

Take it easy tiger and yes they are very cool people.

Here we go with the dumb questions:
I get this icky feeling in my chest that all of the cool underground bands are going to be gone. It seems that all of the bands I locked myself in my room with in high school when the old man was on the tampage were so heavy and hardcore with rebellious and all that. Now they are all signing to major labels and boring me and I can't find the good stuff. Henry Rollins is major, fIREHOSE (though we still like them) is major. Fugazi is everywhere. It's a big market bull run. Like in Spain with the annual running of the bulls. The bulls are the killers and the runners are the small labels and zines willing to take a chance but eventually get run over or sure to be passed up. Teh wall of the city are failure or the voice saying you're not good enough. Get over here and let bulls have complete dominion. Even though you are on a major label, how do you feel?

Take it easy with yer analogies. Experiance has shown me, the business side of me, that an indie can fuck ya just as bad as a major. We have had plenty of incidences to support that and figured you gotta go for what ya want. We wanted distribution. We had been fucked by both Subpop and Epitaph on purpose and by "just the way it is," so we switched to Slash who started out in the late 70's as a punk fanzine then became a label putting out the best hardcore/punk albums of the 80's. x, Fear, Germs to name a few. Because their founder has some kind of biz savvy, he set up a distribution deal with Warner Bros. Prior to the indie distribution crash (of which our first album fell victum) in th late 80's indie labels, fanzines, indie record stores and indie promotors should be able to support a health scene so bands could do what they do, play music without having to have to suffer. Just to put out an album a year then tour. Music is an expensive hobby. If you want to do it full time it can be impossible. There's nothing worse then touring the U.S. and nobody can find yer record because yer label can't distribute it properly. Getting back to you statement saying bands signing to major labels bore you. I didn't get into music so I could invite my friends over to my house to listen to my record 'cause they can't find it in the stores or cause it's so rare collector stores are selling them at bullshit prices. Music shouldn't be coveted by an elite few who are lucky enough to have a cool record shop in their city or get turned on to the fanzine scene. So what is every jock-o-fucker knows the word to "Smells like Kurt Cocaine." Perhaps the point is to turn on those podunk shitkicker kids who music can still cause a change of attitude. Winger failed.

When you get interviewed lately do they ask you a lot of Nirvana questions?
It would seem so.

Do you like to be silly or are you liking to be serious all of the time?
Variety is the spice of life.

If you get real famous, are you gonna spit on the little people?
Probably if ya spit first.

What does love mean?
I've never been in love so I don't have any idea what fucking under that pretense is about. I don't drink or get loaded so I often get down to relax, that is if there is nothing interesting on t.v..

How do traffic jams start?
Billboard conspiracies started by billboard companies. They get some guy to breakdown every morning to slow down traffic so ya don't have anything better to do but read the adverts.

Is Hollywood the land of lands?
Yes.

Who designed the shirt with the woman forcing the man into her crotch? I get nasty remarks.
Donita and Suzi found the offending photo in a Dominatrix mag circa 1971. I get offended by "Jesus is the way" shirts. (ed. note: how about Jesus is in the way?)

Your message to the world is;
Talk loud and draw a crowd.

Are all girl bands usually have something to do with anti-sexism, anti-male domination?
How should I know. I'm a muscician, not the PMRC. I don't keep tabs on everyone. I suppose anyone who writes music is a filter for their experiances. And being in a world structured the way it is, a lot of gals tend to kick down how it is for them to exist.

What were your first recordings like? Sometimes I think that I only want to be in a band to get laid but that as a musician I suck so bad that I don't deserve getting laid as if getting laid is something someone deserves. "Bobby, you did such a good job painting the house, you deserve to get laid!" "I can't believe you fucked up my income taxes. That's final. You're not getting laid!" "I loaner her $400 and it was about time she laid me." "That God it's layday." "Are you going to lay me what you owe me?" "You mean I gotta lay you for the broken vase?" I meant to say paid and not laid.
This is my favorite paragraph so far and it's the last one I read so I'm very content.
- I hope you get laid and paid this week.

L7, I may not be the biggest fan. Possibly the fattest. But I likes them. Drop them a line. Fish for answers of your own. Tuna guitar. Learn their songs and play for moms

fIREHOSE

fIREHOSE contains two members of my favorite band of old, the MINUTEMEN and one on lucky night we ran into MIKE WATT at a fIREHOSE show in Austin, Texas to have a few words. At first I was a little scared because I was meeting a hero, but then felt very relaxed as we got started. Mike is a very gentle man with an open mind to freedom.

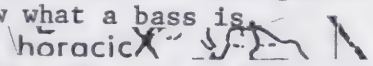
Taylor and I got to the show at the LIBERTY LUNCH and found the man right away and began. But due to careless mistakes we erased the first part of that interview. But Mike was telling us that at that time he was on his way, after the tour, to film I, Fidel, a feature film on Fidel Castro that he had written. Mike was also sporting a beard in preparation for the film. The beard comes off after the film.
The term fIREHOSE comes from the song by Bob Dylan, "Subterranean Homesick Blues." The was the term is written with the lower case f and the rest in caps is just the way it is written.
I asked how come the band is on the Sony label. Are they following their music counter parts to Top 40 expansion? NO! The music and the feelings are just the same. They just signed on the the bigger label for the better distribution. People can't find your records and they are not going to listen to you. Everything else is the same pretty much. With the MINUTEMEN there were certain pre-tour rituals such as shaving their heads before heading out. Now with fIREHOSE the rituals might include sand paper gloves and a lot of women.
P.S. A lot of people that show up for a fIREHOSE show often mistake them for FIREHOUSE. Mike also is in another project, DOS, with his wife, Kira. It's just himself and Kira doing a twin bass thing that's all melodius.
There's more but my memory fails me.

At this writing fIREHOSE has another album due. You can catch all the info by dropping a line to the fIREHOSE Volunteer Muster Role.

The following interview segments were recorded after the show. Present were John and Taylor on the interviewing side and on the interviewee side was Mike and Spot, who used to produce a lot of the Minutemen records and still does a lot of it for other bands.

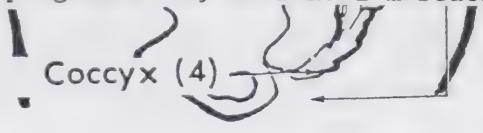
RVN: Are you two related?
Spot: Yeah! I'm his (Mike) dad.
Kira: And this (Spot) is my uncle.
RVN: Does the band have any limitations?
Mike: Yeah! Pearl Jam. Just Pearl Jam. That's the only thing we won't do. Everything else.
RVN: Have you been in very many films to this date?
Mike: Five of them. One's about the weather underground, one's about Patty Hearst and the SLA, one's about Manson family, one's about old time punk rock.
RVN: Did you write all of these?
Mike: No. I help write some of them.

RVN: What's more important in your songs? The music or the words.
Mike: The way they hold the guitars, that's why I like Paul Stanley. There's something about Ed that gets over the gap between words and music. I can't really explain it. It's kinetic. Sometimes the words is the lead guitar, but sometimes the lead guitar can be words. And you know what a bass is.
RVN: I know what a bass is. (I thought)



Mike: It's pelvis. You don't have to think. There's no brains there. It's beyond brains. It's feeling. You give birth. Nobody gives birth out of their head. There is something about the bass. You gotta know this about the bass, there's only 4 strings, cause they're bigger. You don't play bass, you wrestle.
RVN: Did you ever play guitar.
Mike: Well, yes. When I was a boy. I can't play with a pick. D. Boon (late great sing/gtr of Minutemen) his mom made me play bass.

RVN: Do you keep in touch with his family.
Mike: His mom died when he graduated high school. But his dad I talk to all the time.
RVN: Do you drink a lot of beer?
Mike: Well, when you're standing up there sweating, you don't even feel it. It goes right out of you standing. But I wouldn't advise anybody to be an alcoholic.
Spot: What do you gotta do when you gotta take a piss when you're on stage?
Mike: Well, it's happened. Sometimes you have to piss in Levi. That's why Levi's are such a righteous thing. You know when I go on tour I take 15 flannels and 10 Levi's. I don't where underwear or socks, and in that respect I am a hippy. But the only way.
RVN: Do you stay at hotels or at people's places who put the shows on for you?
Mike: Yeah! But tonight it's MO6. Econo. We jam Econo. Up till a couple years ago we never did MO6.
RVN: How come you do the Public Enemy song?
Mike: Edward wanted to do it.
RVN: Yeah, Anthrax got the big video thing but you guys just did the song.
Mike: The government governs you, man.
RVN: Are you a big fan of PE?
Mike: I think he sounds like Martin, MLK. I tell you about rappers. I like rappers, I like Ice Cube. Because being a bass player I like the flow. When he does a mean old cuss word, it's like I,m slapping it hard, or like I'm beating it.



RVN: What do you think of Lollapalooza? Are you interested in that?
Mike: I tell you the problem with all movements, the main goal is to perpetuate the movement. Being a punk rocker, trying to fight the majority, how can I be part of the majority. (ed: by being on a big corporate label). I feel very awkward. But I play any gig. Barmitzvahs, Lollapalooza, no problem. Really. Me and D. Boon started a band to play gigs.

I owe a lot to Spot here. Do you know this man? This man did all our Minutemen until the double album. But he's still in our heart.

Spot: I told him not to shake it. (Mike had this thing where everytime he was on stage his leg would uncontrollably shake)

Mike: You know in those days, you wanna know how econo punk rock started? We started recording at 12 midnight. You wanna know about punk rock, you started setting up at midnight. Allright, and I see this Pearl Jam and these motherfuckers, and that's lazy rock, man, lazy. And just because they call it alternative and they are on the T.V., it ain't the true vibe. It ain't the true vibe, and anybody who gets caught in that is going to fall down the shithole. And it's a steep slope.

RVN: How many people travel with you and the band?

Mike: Edward, George, me, sound man Steve.

RVN: And Kira?

Mike: Kira comes out and does 4 or 5 gigs every tour. But this is a 50 gig tour.

Spot: Ball bust.

Mike: This is me and George's 20th tour. That's why you get in a band man! Why is that so fucking weird!?! Vaudville, it's an old tradition.

RVN: How long have you and George been together?

Mike: 14 years.

RVN: But you met D. first though.

Mike: I met D. when I was 11. I'm 34.

RVN: How long does it take to do the 50 gigs.

Mike: About 52 days.

RVN: Not much rest.

Mike: When ya ain't playing, you're paying. Old Vaudville law.

RVN: Last time I saw you, you were cleaning pools for a living.

Mike: I did that. I did all kinds of things. I read meters. I washed dishes.

RVN: Are you still working on the side.

Mike: Right now I can make a living off of doing gigs.

RVN: Your message for the world is;

Mike: I tell you this, we need more bands. The young men need to speak

Mike: **I tell you this. We need more bands. We need more true songs. We gotta hear the young man speak. The old men are scared, they're jealous. Other young men have been bought out. We need true young men.**

RVN: You're the father of punk rock.

Mike: Just a dude, man, just a dude.

(ed note: after this interview I was in awe. A great legend, or just a dude, made my eyes water and arouse the spirit in me to new heights. My friend Taylor, also presant for the interview shared the same feelings. So we took our pukey little band and began to make it happen with gigs here in Lousiana. I thought we were on our way to good stuff. But the spirit in Taylor left his soul and now he is a bum living with his new wife, and listening to Lionel Richie and not bothering with his friends anymore. See you later, Taylor.)

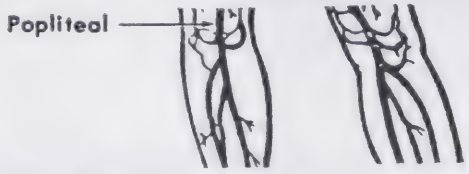
Raymond Pettibon taught Mike Watt everything he knows about politics.

A CORNER GROCERY STORE STORY

The missles were fired early of dawn. Lucy jumped out of her bedroom window before dawn with her ammunition, consisting of ziploc freezer bags full of mom's nasty fudge. She quickly ran around the back of the house and fetched her canine pal, a big boxer named Bernie. "Let's go boy." Bernie was in the middle of a nice dream of a bag of meat-like substances he uncovered on the back porch.

Bernie dragged his big body up and followed her obsequiously. They left the yard and crossed the street to the house that Billy's father built. Meanwhile Billy was jumping out of his back window. No one could be as smart and fervent as this young man. His ammunition, two dead cockroaches and a mouse, was loaded into his pocket. He jumped his back fence and went through the alleyway and crossed the street to Lucy's door. He tried the lock. A bird fluttered in the yard and Billy almost chickened out. The doorknob turned and Billy's heart began to beat like hummingbird wings. He stepped one foot into the house, onto plush carpet. Billy was familiar with the house. He had been here often. Only and especially when the father of the house was out. He knew that he was taking a big chance of him being here now, but the war was on and he had to fire the first shot to show that he meant business. He crept on down the hall to her bedroom.

Lucy was petting Bernie behind the ears. She was calm and cool. Or so she thought. She wasn't sure how she was going to get in that damn house, but she knew that she had to get in there. Billy, a long time friend, was now an enemy and "enemies must be destroyed." Besides, she had Bernie to protect her in case something might go wrong. But what could go wrong. She looked at the front door. "That would be stupid to try. Only a moron would've had the front door unlocked in this neighborhood." She followed the dog around the back. Lucy always enjoyed the landscaping. She, too, had been to this house many times before. But only as friends, except when they were alone in each other's arms. Young love. It was so beautiful to her. The long afternoons in the basement. And nobody ever knew. She sure didn't tell any of her friends. It wasn't like they would of opposed the relationship, but it was just that thing she like to keep to herself, her own pirate's treasure. And Billy was sure a pirate alright. How could he have the nerve to betray her like that. How could he... The bedroom window was wide open. "You've left yourself wide open for the kill, Billy," she murmured under her breath.



Billy was moving down the hall as slow as possible. As if not to set off some kind of motion detector that might have been placed their. Billy didn't know too much about Mr. Alex Farthed, except that he was some sort of cop. He sure did know about little Lucy Farthed, every inch of her and he gloated about it all the time. Not to his friends. But to strangers on the bus, or to the supermarket clerk or anybody that didn't care about personal business such as his relationships. And if Mr. Farthed caught him, what could he do about it. Maybe it was about time he knew what the scoop was. He reached into his pocket and reached for the doorknob to her bedroom.

Lucy squeezed the bag of fudge and open the top of the plastic bag. She crept up to the window. Bernie stood behind her, maybe hoping that she would spill some of that nasty fudge her mother sent her. Lucy grabbed the drapes and looked into the window. She saw a black silloúhette in the cozy bedroom. That sure was a comfy bed.

Billy gently opened the door with his free hand. There was a dark silloúhette in her bed. Mr. Farthed must be out drinking again. How could she want to leave her lover for a man like this.

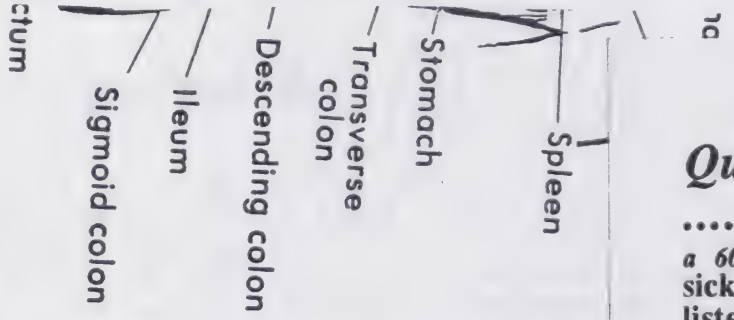
Lucy couldn't imagine why Billy wanted to leave his lover for that bitch of a wife constantly beating him and treating like a piece of crap. But she had to let go of him. She loaded up the fudge and screamed like a banshee, "YOU FUCKING DICK, IF YOU CAN'T STAND BEING SHIT ON BY YOUR WIFE, THEN TRY THIS!!" And unloaded the disgusting chocolate concoction to a moving body unconscious of what was going on. Lucy and Bernie disapeared.

Across the street Billy quickly moved in the bedroom, screaming jumping on to that once comfortable bed and began jamming two dead cockroaches and a dead mouse into the mouth of the body on the bed. Billy soon noticed a much bigger hand than Lucy's grabbing his throat and screaming, "what the fuck, WHAT THE FUCK, **WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!**" Soon all movement stopped. A light came on in the bedroom. "What's up, Alex?"

Billy recognized Lucy's husband, Lucy's big drunk husband. He jumped up out of the bed, tripping a few times and finally making it down the hall and out of the front door. How was he going to explain this to his wife. Across the street he saw his front porch light come on. Shit.

As he ran across the street to save his life, some huge thing landed on top of him and began to lick his face. "Goddamnit, Bernie!" screamed Lucy. "Stop it!" Bernie had a big affection for Billy, because Billy would always bring over human food for him to eat while Billy and Lucy were behind closed doors. Bernie finally subsided from sucking face with Billy. Billy looked up and saw Lucy standing over him. He looked at his house across the street and saw his wicked wife, one hand on her hip and one hand trying to get some black crap off her face. Lucy looked at her door and saw her husband spitting everywhere. "Lucy, get in this house now!" "Billy, get your butt here now and explain to me just what your girlfriend did to me." Billy looked at Lucy. Lucy looked at Billy. Bernie looked at Lucy and then Billy and then Lucy and then Billy and then Lucy again. They just stared at each other, their spouses waiting impatiently at their respective front doors. Billy grabbed Lucy by the hair and planted his lips on hers. She responded with a quick knee to his testicles. But it didn't even phase him vbecause his wife owned them anyway. They separated and waled back to their houses. Bernie sat in the middle of the road and began to howl furiously. Alex's neighbor, Joppy, came out with a shotgun and killed Bernie in the middle of the street. Animal control picked him up later that day.

As for Lucy and Billy? Well, they were beaten by their respective spouses and denied television for 3 whole months and forced to write 1,000 times, "I WILL NOT BE AN IMMATURE AND SELFISH ASSHOLE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE."



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Ed Hall PO Box 49771, Austin Tx. 78765
Fugazi 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington D.C. 20007
Blair Wilson 4541 Stanford AVE., Seattle Wa. 98105
Jason Contreras 815 Main ST., Schertz Tx. 78154
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ED HALL

← These ARE three bad dudes!

As I was standing outside in a nearly empty parking lot on a cool Austin night, I began to wonder about these three curious looking fellows. They seemed harmless, approachable. Generous and grinning, one of them handed me a pipe loaded with the kind of drug not available at your local pharmacy. Who else could these funny, fuzzy characters be besides ED HALL. The trio hails from Austin and is signed with Trance Syndicate, from Austin as well.

Although they would not reveal to us the reason behind the antics of the third line of the "E" in ED, they did tell us what Ed Hall is. "Ed Hall is the absurdity of the universe", says Larry, the bass player.

Their not to recent switch from Boner Records in California to Trance is because the latter is obviously closer. Ed's first "involuntary" recording was a bootleg put out by their former lead singer called "Charlie Manson Street". "Our old lead singer(A. Colvin) used a cassette tape of the band practicing and sang over it. We like him still though", admits Gary, the virtuoso guitarist.

Between then and now Ed has completed several recordings including "Albert", the famed Love Poke Here" and of course the latest and well recieved "Gloryhole", not to mention some compilation recordings on seven inch. Larry tells us that they will release a Trance compilation LP sometime in the future. Ed has got some new material prepared that will most likely be on it. The most notable shitkickin', Texas style tune is called "Bullshit", which is played regularly at shows but has never actually been released on anything. That tune also happens to be one of my personal favorites. Practice being a prerequisite to performing, it's the first thing these boys do when they get up in the morning. "We get up at eight in the morning and practice. After Larry works all night from ten P.M. to eight A.M., we play, then he goes home and sleeps and then I go to work from one P.M. to ten P.M.", Gary says. "Most of the time we don't even talk, we just jam. If we play something we like we'll go back and tape it", he continues.

These boys are so tough they even have a booking agent now with contracts and everything. They go to places where people have never heard them and are guaranteed money no matter what. On a three month long tour last summer some of their favorite places were Portland, San Francisco, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Chicago. "L7 came to our show in Norfolk. That was cool. At least somebody paid", exclaimed Larry as he exhaled sweetleaf. They have played in Canada as well. Ed's future plans are to lay low for a while. "We're going to crawl under a rock and do some out of town shows", says Larry.

Continued

Gary's new musical outlet is with the group Moist Fist. Bizarre stage shows are what they have a talent for as well, along with playing. Attracks more attention I suppose. Gary's crewmembers in Ed don't mind. "It does'nt take anything away from Ed Hall, we'll still be the same", says Larry. They also weathered a change of drummers a while back. Despite the change, Ed's performances are still powerful and expressive as ever. These boys are true musicians. Their music defies category because they are a little bit of this, a dash of that, and a spice of this here, culminating into musical delight(no, its not a new dish at the Olive Garden accompanied by a string quartet). Their humor and personalities on stage and off are another reason they are so well-liked. If you can make the crowd laugh and satisfy them in an artful way they will always be back for the next show. Ed's message to everybody is to be good, carry a barracuda in your pocket and most importantly----BE POLITE!

Interview by John and Jason.
Creative writing and photos by Jason.

Poets jump with a d[illegible]

xxxx

s inmates that if he bought him a chicken taco the bum would quit drinking. Bu t I guess that alcohol is a disease because a week later Jennifer and I were w alking the same beat and the same bum was holding on to a light pole trying to keep his balance. Everybody seemed to either give Fickle Tom Tickle money and be happy or they didn't give him money thinking he was trying to scam the Amer ican public. Some called him cruel because he smelled so nice. I couldn't sl eep one night so I went and patrolled the Greyhound Bus station. It was alway s full of interesting people. Biker girls who couldn't stand their man and ju st had to tell somebody. Eighty-year old gay men looking for action. Video g ame nuts who couldn't get enough for their money. Convicts on the run. Some times it was Fickle Tom Tickle just going for some vibes. I thought that he w as a blind man looking for change. Where he got the glasses I didn't find out until later. Talking to the people at the bus station was like reading a very good book and not understanding the real meaning behind it. I will always get mediocre grades on English papers because I couldn't get the gist of the story and then when I read what previous explorers thought, I would fail because I h ad bad punctuation. Most of these people had the smell of the city on them. T hey took their problems, threw them into their little bags and boarded the bus for some other city. Fickle Tom Tickle would come to the bus station and gras p their problems and take their smell off of their bodies. Try and do them so me good so that they may do better in their next life. Fickle Tom Tickle says that sometimes it works, sometimes is better than never. It was a natural gif t that would only work at the bus station. People at the Greyhound are always ready to dish their problems off onto somebody else. Like little babies cryin g for their mamas. The Greyhound is like an extra large couch and everybody c ould be the psychologist. Fickle Tom Tickle would be a big ear, a muscle rela xer, a sedative. And if Fickle Tom Tickle did good, he would be rewarded with some change or peanut shells, Maybe a kiss from an estranged wife. After a go od session with the patients and the Greyhound, Fickle Tom Tickle stunk like e verybody else. Fickle Tom Tickle would pass down death row and try his witho ut even trying to relieve some anger. I didn't know if he thought if he was a messiah or something. Maybe he was just another loony bird with some eccentri c homeless practices. He just did he travels around the city, minding his own self, and quietly healing the transients as they came through. I called the c ity's news station and asked about the homeless situation and if I could see t he stories done on the tube. I didn't like the newspaper, partly because at t he time I was working on one and didn't like it a bit. I told them some lie a bout how they were my heros and this and that and blah and blah. In every sin gle piece, their was my new buddy Fickle Tom Tickle in the background, not try ing to hide. He would walk in front of the reporters, lean against the van, s treak through the background. But nobody paid him any attention. They'd only talk to housing authorities on why they can't afford the homeless, the city pl anners on how the homeless are destroying the downtown and driving away consum ers. Everything was heard from everyone. Even an inmate got up and said that it was "Bullshit." But Fickle Tom Tickle was ignored. I pointed this fact ou t to the oriental lady who allowed my to view the footage. "Yeah, I do rememb er him. But I didn't think he was homeless, he smelled so clean." I said tha t that man was the problem needed looked into. She took my advice. I was chee ring inside. Fickle Tom Tickle will get his time. Maybe he's the Jesus Chris t we've been waiting for and he'll make me a disciple and I won't ever be conf used about the ideals of religion anymore. I ran to corner to where Fickle To m Tickle lay. Their was the oriental lady and two cops. "There's are problems officer. That one man. Throw him in jail and we will crucify him in the morn ing." Damn, there goes my chance for eternal salvation and lots of cash prizes

xxxx

GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER

ART-BLAIR WILSON © 1992
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